His Perfect, Gifted, Little Boy

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His Perfect, Gifted, Little Boy

by Ghostwriter98

Summary

Hannibal Lecter has roamed the earth for decades as a ghost, alone and depressed, until he stumbles upon a remarkable little boy that could see him, hear him, touch him. As time passes, Hannibal’s fondness for Will Graham grows to reach unbearable levels.

Notes

Hey fannibals! This is a prologue to another fic I wrote called "The Very Bad Day." However, it can still be read as a stand alone piece. I don't actually know Will's fathers actual name so I called him Bill in this. If you do know, could you please let me know for future fics I might write. Thanks and I hope you like it!

NOTE: Words in italics are thoughts
* = a break in time

See the end of the work for more notes

Hannibal Lecter had roamed the earth for many decades as a ghost. The years had begun blurring together as time passed until he was unsure of who he was and what his purpose in the world was. The ghost, who was a former psychiatrist and serial killer, had been reduced to nothing but a shadow that now graced the world. A dark stain that followed people without their knowledge. A completely invisible presence. Hannibal was slowly losing his mind. He hadn't conversed with another human being or been seen for oh so long. It was taking its toll on him.

He often walked the parks with ponds for it reminded him of calmness and serenity. One of the few memories he still had was of the lake near his family's property in Lithuania, filled with swans and laughter. He and Mischa would spend hours playing by the sparkling body of water. Even now, water retained its peaceful effect.

He was strolling down a broken and faded path, watching the sunlight streaming through the trees just so (A perfect painting just waiting to be brought to life) when he first saw Will.

A man was arguing furiously on an outdated phone as he slowly pushed along an old beaten up pram. Hannibal eyed the fraying material and holes in the fabric with open distaste. It was not like anyone could see him. He could be as impolite as he desired.

It was but a curious glance. The baby was being unnaturally silent for an infant being ignored as though it were used to his father's inattention and had accepted it long ago. As Hannibal peeked underneath the hood, he caught sight of a few growing chocolate curls and bright green eyes. The infant's gaze was bored, staring unseeingly forward. As expected, he did not notice Hannibal's presence. The ghost felt the familiar pain in his chest. *You would think that after all these years he would be used to this by now.* Suddenly, the baby's head snapped upwards. The sparkling green eyes widened as he babbled excited nonsense. Hannibal was taken aback and squashed down the growing hope.

Infants often randomly initiate conversations with themselves, he told himself.

But then – and this is the event that changed everything – the baby reached forward and brushed his pudgy little fingers against Hannibal's arm. A touch that Hannibal felt, *he felt*. His eyes closed at the contact. *It had been so, so long since someone had noticed his existence.* The infant looked at Hannibal with eyes that saw everything. *Saw him.*

"I'm so sorry." The father of the child apologized into his phone. He stopped walking. He pressed the device into his shoulder and then turned to his son, snapping angrily, "Be quiet, Will!"

The baby boy, *Will,* instantly curled in on himself. He did not cry as all the joy left his eyes. Somehow, that was worse than if there had been tears.

Hannibal felt rage boil deep in his chest at the mistreatment of this perfect, gifted, little boy. He deserved to be spoiled and pampered not forgotten and abandoned. Hannibal made a rather rash decision that day. He would raise this child to adulthood. He would be anything he ever needed; his guardian, his friend and maybe, one day in the far future, even his partner.

“Will?” Such a beautiful name.” Hannibal cooed at the infant who instantly gave the nice man a quiet toothless smile.

“It is an absolute pleasure to meet you. I am Hannibal Lecter.” The ghost introduced in a soft gentle voice and from that moment on the pair were inseparable.

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Bill Graham was surprised by how easy this whole parenting gig was turning out to be. Will never cried for longer than a minute. He was never hungry yet always appeared well fed. He didn’t beg for attention or throw tantrums. He never even soiled his diaper. Will was literally the perfect child. *Just like right now*. Bill heard the familiar loud cries of a baby being neglected. It tampered off seconds later. Will's father closed his eyes and laid back with his arms over his head. *Honestly, what were all those single mothers complaining about?*

Little did Bill know that Will was not alone in his small cramped nursery.

“Shh.” Hannibal soothed as he rocked Will in his arms. The baby rested his head in the crook of the ghost’s elbow, giant green eyes enraptured as they stared up at the man. He giggled softly and reached out to trail small fingers along Hannibal’s chin. Will scrunched up his tiny nose at the prickly feel of stubble.

“That is not very polite, my little mongoose.” Hannibal chastised. “One should always hide their discontent for another’s appearance.”

Will’s lower lip wobbled at the stern tone. Hannibal bopped the boy on the nose which instantly brightened Will's mood. The baby boy kicked his little legs and gurgled as Hannibal placed him back down in his crib.

“Sleep now, Will.” The ghost’s tone was fond as he stared down at the little being that was quickly becoming his whole world. “You need to conserve energy for the morning.”

The infant shook his head and grumbled something.

“Alright.” Hannibal conceded. “Only one more lullaby, you stubborn little boy.”

Čiūčia liūlia Will

Mano mylimasis

Kiek jau kartų per dienelį

Tavį pakilojau

Pakilojau panešiojau

Patalėlį klojau

Čiūčia liūlia Will

Mano mylimasis

Auk didukas būk greitukas

Mano Will

Čiūčia liūlia Will

Mano mylimasis.

Hannibal sung "Čiūčia liūlia dukrytėla" while modifying the lyrics from daughter to Will. He could not bring himself to call Will his child. He felt that once he uttered those words, he would only ever be a father to the boy. He did not want to be constrained by such a petty title. Children leave their parents eventually. Hannibal never wanted Will to leave him. The ghost peeked down, relieved to see that Will had fallen fast asleep.

Bill, Hannibal scowled at the very thought of the vile man, *was a very inadequate father*.

If it weren't for the ghost, Will would most certainly be dead or in foster care right now with psychological scarring. The baby was lucky that Hannibal was there to guide him through life.

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Will's first proper word came eleven months later. Bill was having one of those rare days where he actually noticed his son's existence and dedicated a small portion of his time to him. Or perhaps he just really wanted to hear Will's first word after listening to his colleagues at the dock gush about their children. His fingers were crossed for "dada."

"Come on, Will." Bill urged in a small childlike voice. Hannibal scoffed as he appeared beside the man. "Who am I?"

Will looked at his father perplexed. He didn't recognize the man before him as anything more than a stranger. The little boy sat with his legs partly crossed, growing fidgety and agitated at the absence of his favourite person. His gaze fell on the ghost behind his father. The boy's frown instantly morphed into a smile and he started laughing and clapping.

Hannibal beamed, the corners of his eyes crinkling.

"That's it." Bill sighed with relief. "I was beginning to think that there was something wrong with you."

"Pardon me?" Hannibal was affronted and very offended on behalf of Will.

"Now, what's my name?" Bill pointed at himself again with a goofy grin. Will giggled and reached out towards Hannibal. The father, who mistook this action for Will wanting him, reached for his son and picked him up. Will huffed with aggravation and reached over his father's shoulder, straining his arms. His fingers brushed the ghost's shoulder. Will grumbled again and pushed himself further up, balancing precariously into space. Hannibal steadied the boy who looked like he was about to tumble off.

“Will, stop wriggling around.” Bill grumbled as he was finding it rather difficult to hold his struggling son.

Will’s lower lip quivered as Hannibal stepped back.

Bill might be a horrible father but he still deserved some alone time with his son, Hannibal thought to himself.

The ghost started to fade out. A sign Will recognized all too well.

“Ha-Ha!” Will screeched.

Hannibal froze. Surely, he couldn't be saying what he thought he was? Surely, he wasn't -

"Ha-ha," Will repeated.

"What are you doing? Are you laughing at me?" Bill demanded, shaking his son angrily. "You think this is funny, you little shit?"

Tears began to fill Will's eyes as he realised he wasn't being understood.

He tried again. “Ha-Ha-ni! Ha-ni!”

Time stopped. Bill stiffened. His face stiff with confusion and anger. The father roughly put Will down and looked down at his son with open disappointment.

“I don’t even know where I went wrong with you.” He said defeatedly and walked off in search of a drink.

Will ignored him. He didn’t care about what this strange man thought. The only person he cared about was standing a few metres away with a fond smile on his face and maroon eyes filled with joy.

“Come.” Hannibal uttered and Will stumbled to his feet, wobbling for a few steps before falling back down. Undeterred, he tried again and again until he finally fell onto Hannibal’s leg. He looked up at the tall man, making grabby hands. Hannibal chuckled as he bent down and scooped Will up into his arms.

“I am so proud of you, numylėtinis.” Hannibal praised softly as he bent to kiss the boy on his forehead.

Will gave Hannibal a toothy grin which the ghost couldn’t help but reciprocate. Hannibal realized that day that he never wanted to let his boy go. He didn’t think he could survive the separation because he was in too deep.

End Notes

Hopefully, if google translate hasn't failed me:

numylėtinis = darling
Čiūčia liūlia = Hush-a-bye

Lullaby and its translation into English can be found here: http://www.mamalisa.com/?t=es&p=3988

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